

MONTELIIONS

PREDICTIONS,

OR THE

Hogen Mogen

FORTUNETELLER.

Discovering as plain as a Pike-Staff,  
the Dark INTRIGUES, and  
Grand CATASTROPHES, carried on, or Designed in most parts of the  
WORLD.

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Μάστις ἀριστος ὅτις ἐκαστὸν καλᾷ

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With Allowance, May 11. 1672.

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L O N D O N,

Printed by S. and B. Griffin, for Thomas Palmer,  
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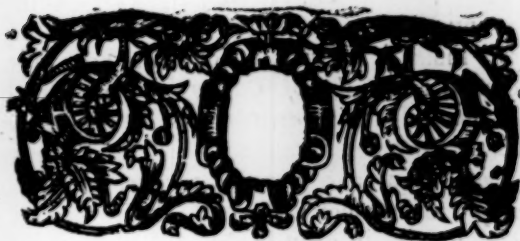
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# MONTELIIONS PREDICTIONS,

OR

The Hogen Mogen Fortuneteller.

Although we have ever been of Opinion, that the best of our *Modern Prophets* have been only the most *Lucky Guessers*, and find the *Press* already oppress'd with *Swarms of Prophetick Pamphlets*, no less *numerous*, than *Impertinent*. Yet that the *Blind World* may see our *Skill*, either in *Astrology*, or *Cosmicomancy* (that more *Mysterious Art* of the *Sieve and Shears*) is not a whit inferior to the business

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of

of our fellow-Students, we have resolved on the Question to oblige the Publique ( we mean *Hawkers*, and *Coffee-Houses* ) by delivering our Sentiments on the present Conjuncture of Affairs, induced hereunto; for that not only our Brother, the *Apollo of Clerkenwel Green*, hath for some time disappeared to Mortals, being ( as we are credibly informed ) gone to Visit his *Nurse* at the *Antipodes*, but also because the heretofore active *Gosseuil* of our beloved Pupil, the renowned *Poor Robin*, is of late grown Dry and Stubbed, yielding little more than the *Dregs* of *Red-Lettice Wit*, or nauseous *Repetitions*. These Considerations we hope will be Apology enough (even in a Critick Conscience) and to offer more *Reasons* for Writing a *Single-sheet Pamphlet*, would be Absurd and Unmodish, since many of our *great Authors* now a dayes can shew none at all for their more *Voluminous Scriblings*, we cannot (to deal Candidly with o r Readers) pretend to any *Visions*, *Apparitions*, *Revelations*, or *strange Voices*, though perhaps that excellent new Invention of, *The speaking Trumpet* (subtly manag'd) might put not a few *Giddy Heads* on that account, into a Dotage beyond *Tom in the Woods*. Angels either *Celestial*, or *Golden*, we dare not boast Familiarity with; *Comets* they say are Generated above the Orb of the *Moon*, and so are too high for the *Jacobs-Staff* of our groveling Understanding, to find out their particular portents. The old new Star in *Cassiopeia* we shall not meddle with, though we have heard our Nodding Grand-Mother in a *Winters Evening*, discourse thereupon so profoundly, till she fell a sleep;

sleep; nor trouble our self with any *Oppositions* that may happen between *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, as not desiring to Interpose in a Quarrel 'twixt Father and Son: Nor yet shall we put our selves to the unnecessary Charges of Building up *Twelve Houses* (meer Castles in the Air) in an ill favoured Schem: not but that we *Ken the Knack* of those *Cœlestial Scotch-Hoppers* too, as throughly as the most *Huffing* *Taylor* ith' Town: But out of pure Aversion to those *Hackney Roads* of Figures and Characters wherewith some pretend to *Score out* the Fortune of a Year, and Fate of Empires, in Terms so uncertain and ambiguous, that they may be Verified in any future Contingency whatever, we decline all those *Amuzing Parades* of Art, and without Clouds and Amphibologies, in plain English, and in Rhyme too, that I may appear the more Prothetick, do declare,

*The Time's now come: must bring to pass,  
 What Fates have Wrote with Pens of Brass.  
 That Rebel Rout, whose swelling Pride,  
 Princes Contemn'd, and Kings des'd:  
 Before bright Sol his Journey take,  
 Three times a round the Zodiacke,  
 Shall be Reduc'd to more Distress,  
 Than in the dayes of Royal Bels.  
 Great York, the Neptune of the Main,  
 Their Insolence shall once again  
 Chastise, until they are become,  
 Poor suppliant States of Belgium:  
 And at his Brothers Royal Feet,  
 Submissively begg, as 'tis meet.*

*That*

## Montelions Predictions.

*That he would lay his Thunder by,  
And take them to his Clemency.*

But because (according to the *Grand Method* we have alwayes pursued in our Writings) a more particular Account of the grand Matters impending may be expected, we proceed in the *Stile* of the most celebrated Sons of Art, and with all Caution and Sincerity, say: That from the vast preparations, both at Land and Sea, the Declarations of War lately Published on either Side, several *Lowring Aspects* of disaffected Planets, their *Quarrellsome Positions* at their vernal Ingress, and diverse other Secrets in Art, we may (on good grounds according to the Doctrine of the *Antients*) *Prognosticate*: That some *Ruptures* are at hand, or *Acts of Hostility* designed, or ready to break forth into Action in *some* parts of the World. And since *Cancer* is the Horoscopical Sign of *Holland*, and that none loves *Butter'd Crabs* better than a Dutchman; we are indued to believe those very *United Provinces* may much be concerned in the *formidable Catastrophes*, whereof these *Phænomena* are the *Indubitable Prodoms*. Not that we find by the abstrusest Rules of *Geomancy*, that the *Hogen States* are any more likely this Year to Establish the *Fifth Monarchy* in an *Universal Common-Wealth*, than *Satoby Leroy*, to Revive and Recolect the Ten scattered Tribes, for taking Possession of the *Holy Land*: Yet are we more than *Confident*, that *Sage Aphorism* of the late *Deceased Plagiary Trefmegius* in his *Temple of Wisdom*, will shortly be verified to a hairs breadth, *viz.* *That wher-ever*

contrary Fleets, or opposing Armies happen to meet, Contests will be apt to arise, and that several Persons by means thereof, may chance, against all Rules of Physick, to be Let Blood it<sup>h</sup> Dog-days. About or rather much before which time we also discover, There will be heard strange and unusual Noises at Sea, to the great Affrightment of the Dolphins, and spoyling the Mulick of the Syrens:

*The Planets startling from their Orbs with wonder,  
To hear our Guns below out-roar their Thunder.*

Immediately after which, the long contested Sovereignty of the Narrow-Seas shall be decided by a most equal Distribution, the Surface remaining in the Possession of his Majesty of Great Britain (the undoubted Proprietor) and his Valiant Subjects, whilst the Bottom falls to the share of his usurping Enemies, as the just Reward of their unparalleled Ingratitude; thereby replenishing the hungry Stomacks of Neptunes Scaly Inhabitants, who now Exercise *Lex Talionis*, and by Devouring their Devourers, produce of *Metempsychosis* of Bodies, that *Pythagoras* never dream'd of. For whereas a Dutchman is little more than Stock-fish, and Red-herring Fleshified, our Crabs and Fresh-Cod, will now be only Dutchmen Fishified. Thus a Ravenous Shark unnaturally Feasts on the fat Paunch of his own Brother, an overgrown *Burgomaster*, whilst *Margery* the Cook-maid startles to find the Finger and Seal-ring of *Myne Heer*, in the Belly of a Mackril, and the Rotterdam Frows deluge themselves in Tears for the loss of their Swil-Bottles.

We

We further find by the *Hermistick Learning*,

(For so of late our Quacks do call,  
All Tricks if Strange and Mysicall.)

That *Coffee-Houses* (the Mint of Intelligence, and Forge of Lies) shall bee much frequented; and many a Pragmatick *Fop* spend his Six-pence there over Night, to hear *News*, that knows not where to get a Dinner next Day; who then with folded arms and croaking Guts, does Penance for his foolish Curiosity. To supply these *Randevouse of Idleness*, with continual Novelties, the Press Spawns abortive *Pamphlets*, that swarm Abroad as thick as Flies in *Autumn*. And Fame sets up a Cheating *Lotery*, where for a Prize of Verity, you buy forty Blanks of Falshood, and in a whole *Volley* of *News* scarce meet a true *Report*: We do not find his *Holiness* much Inclenable to entertain thoughts of Marriage, but rather that if his Fancy should grow a little Rampant the Cholic and Stone, would mainly Obstruct his Delights in the Caresses of an *Olympia*. And seeing he Labours under so many Crosses, we cannot but reprove the uncharitableness of some *Gifted Brethren*, who in their Little Conventicles, Rail so desperately at a *Civil Grave* old Gentleman, whom they know no more than the *Pope of Rome*: The *Grand Seigneur* may yet in spite of some foolish *Prognosticators* (who seven Years have threatned him with a Peck of Troubles) Live a long time as merry as a *Fiddler*, if the *Musty* will but grant him a Dispensation to Drink now and then a Glass



## Montellions Predictions.

3

Glass of Sack, but his Viziers *Corn cutter* will probably be hurried with multiplicity of Business: His Mightinesses Toes being sorely afflicted by reason to tedious Marches towards Hungary. The *Crym Tarter* in the midst of his Triumphs, is Tipt into his Grave by a Surfeit on *Stew'd Fruans*. And may the *Guardian-Angel* of Green-Aprons, protect some eminent Senators nearer Home, from being choakt with *Custaras*, or admitted Knights of the Noble Order of the *Bull-Feather*, at a *Masquerade*: *Stephen Ratzins*, Brother *Stenko*, seems Instigated by *Venus*, Lady of the Seventh, in his *Radix Retrograde*, to send an *Envoy Extraordinary* to the States General, to demand in Marriage the most *Ill-ustrious Bessabel*, Daughter of the much Celebrated *Van-Cobler-Hewson*, that they may make a prudent provision for Futurity, and propagate a pretious Seed of Rebels and Boutefeus, to disturb the Peace of the next Generation. *Munsterus* that *Hermaphrodite of State*, who with his *Crosses* in one Hand, and *Sword* in th'other, looks like a *Rosston Crow* of two Colours, *parte per pale*, Ingrail'd, Lay and Clergy, hovers with a wary Subtlety over the Heads of the furious Combatants. till *Fortune* declare on whose Crests she intends to Plant the Laurels of *Victory*, or takes up the *Swissers Trade*, and Cries, Who bids most for 30000. But *Manet alta mente repostam*, There is no playing one Game over Twice.

*Quo teneam Vultum mutantem procea Nodo?*

What shall restrain him from the Breach of's Vows,  
That to no Altar, but 's own Interest Bows.

B

If

If the Forces of the most *Christian King* chance to set down before *Maestricht*, that unhappy Town will be in *some Danger* of a Seige, and rare it will be to see there so much Belly-Timber for a *Break-fast*, as is Confounded at a *Guild-Hall Dinner*; but a *dried Sprat* is excellent Commons for those in a *Strait*, that in their best Days thought a *Red-Herring a Feast*. *Holland Cheese* we confidently predict, will be a dear Commodity, but *Butterboxes* never so Cheap and Contemprible, it being but just all Nations should *Bandy* to Exterpate them, who have *Confederated* to Abuse all the World. If they have any Assistance, it must be from *beyond the Line*: For what *Christian* will be a Second to such Insolents? Nor can they appear Formidable since the *Brandy* that was wont to Inspire them with Valour is now prohibited. To conclude, *Englands Genius* soars high, the *Lillies* flourish, and may they ever retain their Colour; the Emblem of *Integrity*, the *Justness* of our Cause, the *Conduet* and great *Example* of our Leaders, conspire with our native *Courage* to bespeak a Victory. And though we know the Innate Valour of our Noble Seamen, and others concerned in this Expedition, needs not to be raised up by *Hobling Rhymes*, of a sorry Bard, yet to fill up their other Sheet, and that the Reader may be sure to have enough for his Two-pence, we have thought very fit to add this Ballad Loyal.

A Ballad

A

## BALLAD LOTAL.

1.

**Y**OU Sons of Honour, that dare die!  
 To serve your Native Land,  
 And for your King and dear Country.  
 The Shock of danger stand,  
 Now prepare  
 For the War,  
 Shew the world your glories,  
 Do such deeds  
 As must needs  
 Live in future Stories.

2.

Go on brave Hero's ! you can't misse  
 The Road to Victory.  
 Where Mighty York High Admiral is,  
 That Soul of Gallantry,  
 He whose Name  
 Rides on Fame.  
 And must still more prevail,  
 Till it make  
 Flemmings quake,  
 And humbly strike their sail.

B 2

Our

3.

*Our Ships like floating Castles ride,  
 The Waves are proud to bear 'm  
 They deafen Thunder each Broadside,  
 The Dutch or Devils must fear 'm,  
 No place can boast,  
 Besides our Coast  
 Vessels so great and good,  
 So many too,  
 That Strangers do  
 Think al' our Downs a Wood.*

4.

*Then pray what mean these Hogen States?  
 (It passes our Construction)  
 Insolently to dare their Fates,  
 And tempt their own Destruction,  
 On Shore and Sea  
 Ruin they'll see  
 On every side surrounding  
 Brave Monmouth's hand  
 Wasting their Land,  
 Great York their Fleets confounding.*

5.

*Dull Dutch! can you forget when we,  
 In three Fights quell'd your pride,  
 Not long since when our Brittish Sea  
 With your base blood was dy'd,*

And

And dare you then  
 Fight us again:  
 What honour can it be  
 To beat a new  
 Such Slaves as you,  
 Whom we before made free.

6.

If Rebell Noll could make you bow,  
 And'fore him trembling stand,  
 How think you fools to resist now,  
 The mighty Charles's hand,  
 Can it be said  
 Against our Head  
 You'r likely to prevail,  
 Who heretofore,  
 Were glad t'adore,  
 And cringe unto our Taile.

7.

Wherefore Brave English Seamen all  
 Rouse up your valours fire  
 Courageously upon them fall  
 Make the dull World admire,  
 Let not your breast  
 Harbour a Guest,  
 That treats of fear or flying,  
 Let not a thought  
 Centre in ought,  
 But conquering or dying.

8.

*So may you vanquish still and take  
 Rich Prizes every day:  
 May no tempests your Vessels shake,  
 Nor Rock lie in your way.  
 So may you bring  
 To our Great King  
 A compleat Victory.  
 And he bestow  
 Again on you,  
 A fit Gratuity.*

9.

*If any of you Sacrifice,  
 Your hearts at Cupids Shrine.  
 May no Coy Wench your Love despise,  
 Nor to you prove unkind;  
 But may they all  
 Before you fall,  
 As 'tis indeed their duties:  
 'Tis reason such,  
 As conquer Dutch  
 Should Triumph over Beauties;*

10.

*May all your Wives prove Chast and be,  
 As deaf to Gallants charms,  
 Whilst you are out; as Penelope,  
 When her Lord was in Arms.*

Thus

(13)

*Thus will we pray  
Each night and day,  
Till homewards you are bound  
Your deeds with praise  
Your Heads, with Baise,  
In glorious manner Crown'd.*

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### The POST-SCRIPT:

**S**ince Mr. Lillies Predictions in his admired Almanack for the Year 1654. have made so much noise in the World, we cannot but think it convenient to transcribe from that celebrated Author a Short Prayer, which we think as pertinent to the present conjuncture of affairs, as any of the rest, which follows in the said book in these word,

*God grant us Unity in the Church and  
give the Presbyterians so much love unto their  
Native Countrey, as to rejoyce when we worst  
the Dutch, and not to slag down their heads  
like sorrowful Rabbits at our Successes.*

**FINIS.**